

DELL

FEBRUARY

Still 10¢

m.g.m.'s **Tom and Jerry** Comics



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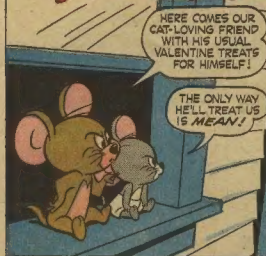
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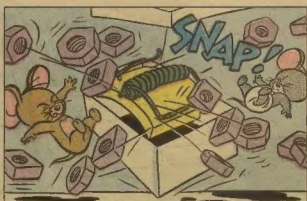
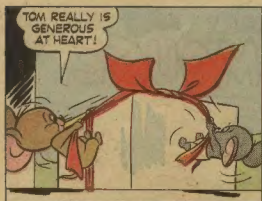


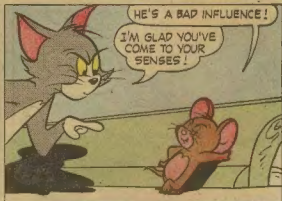
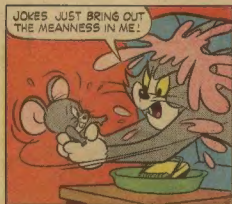
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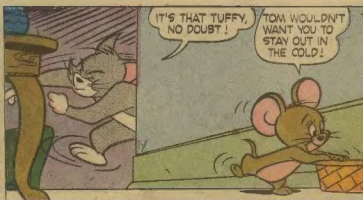
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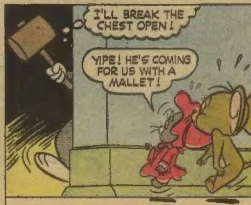
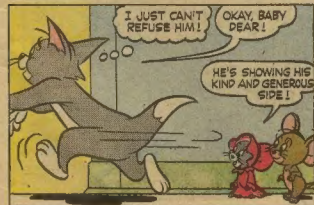
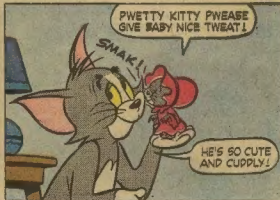
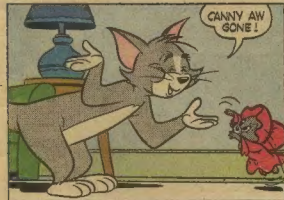
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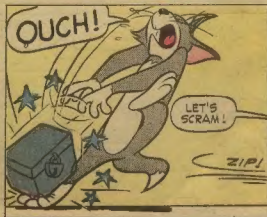
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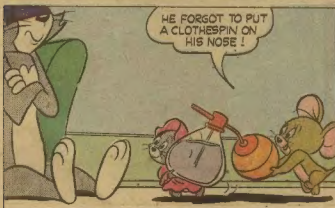
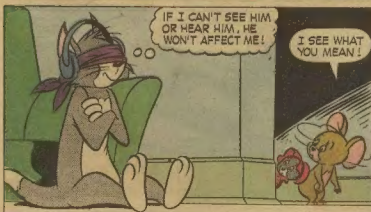


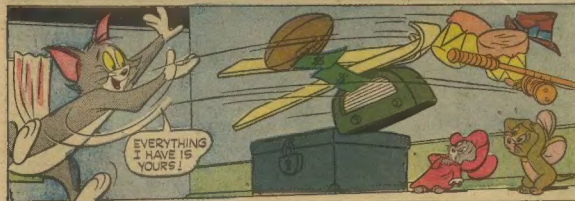


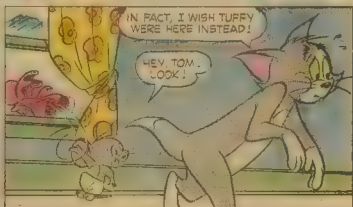
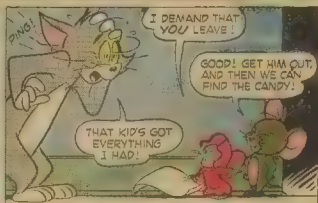
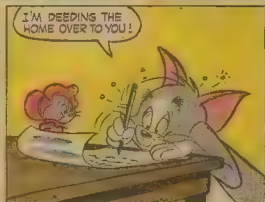
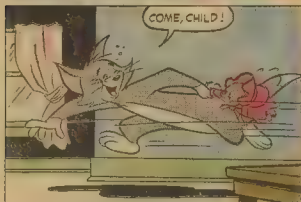
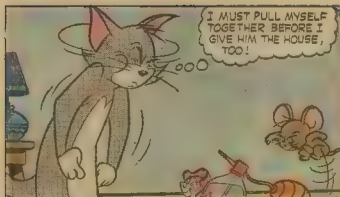


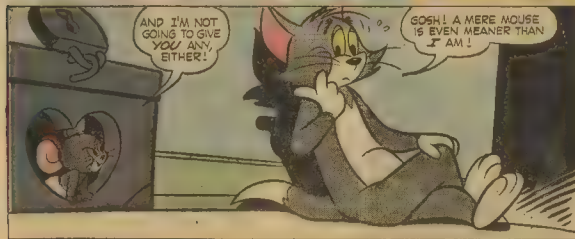
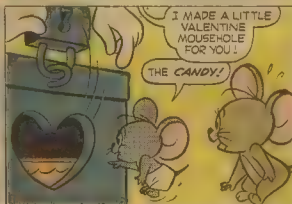
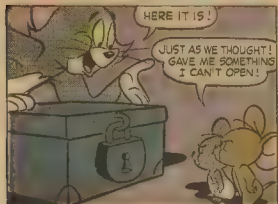
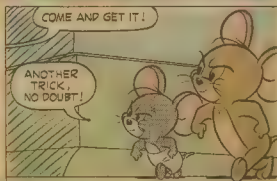
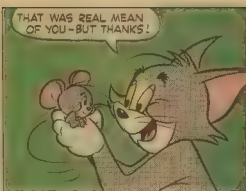
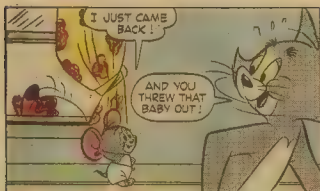






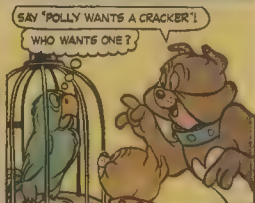
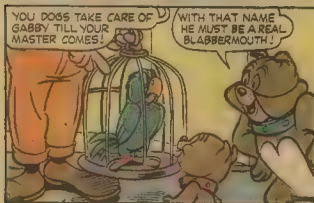


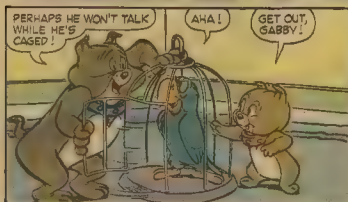
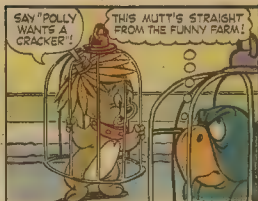




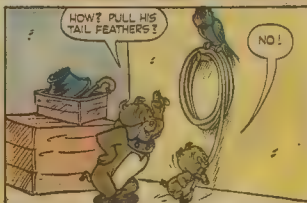
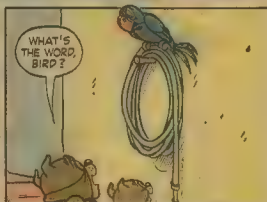
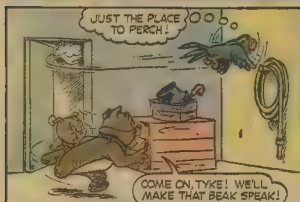
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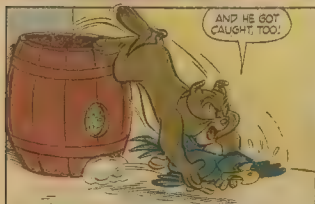
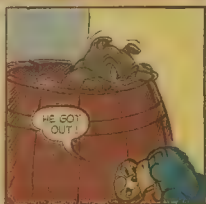
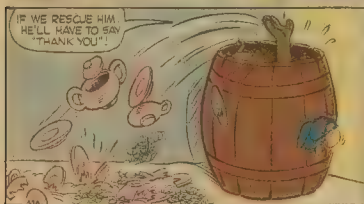
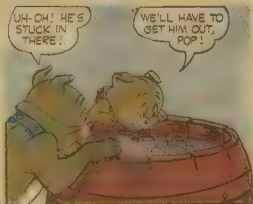
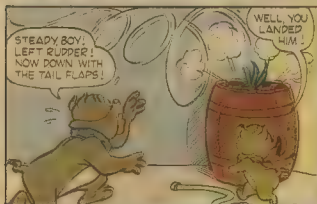
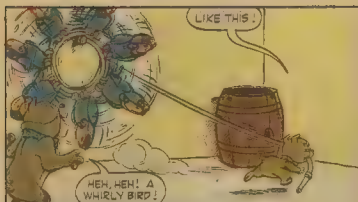
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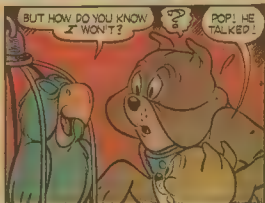
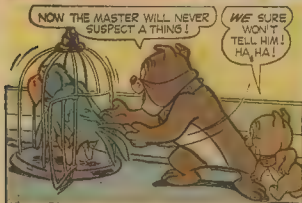
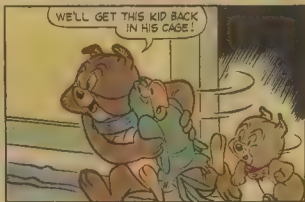
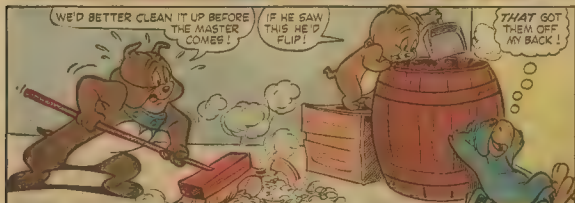
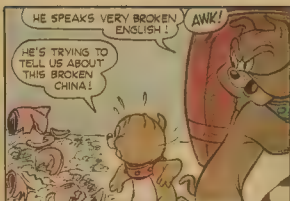
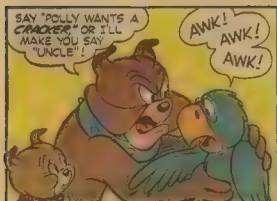


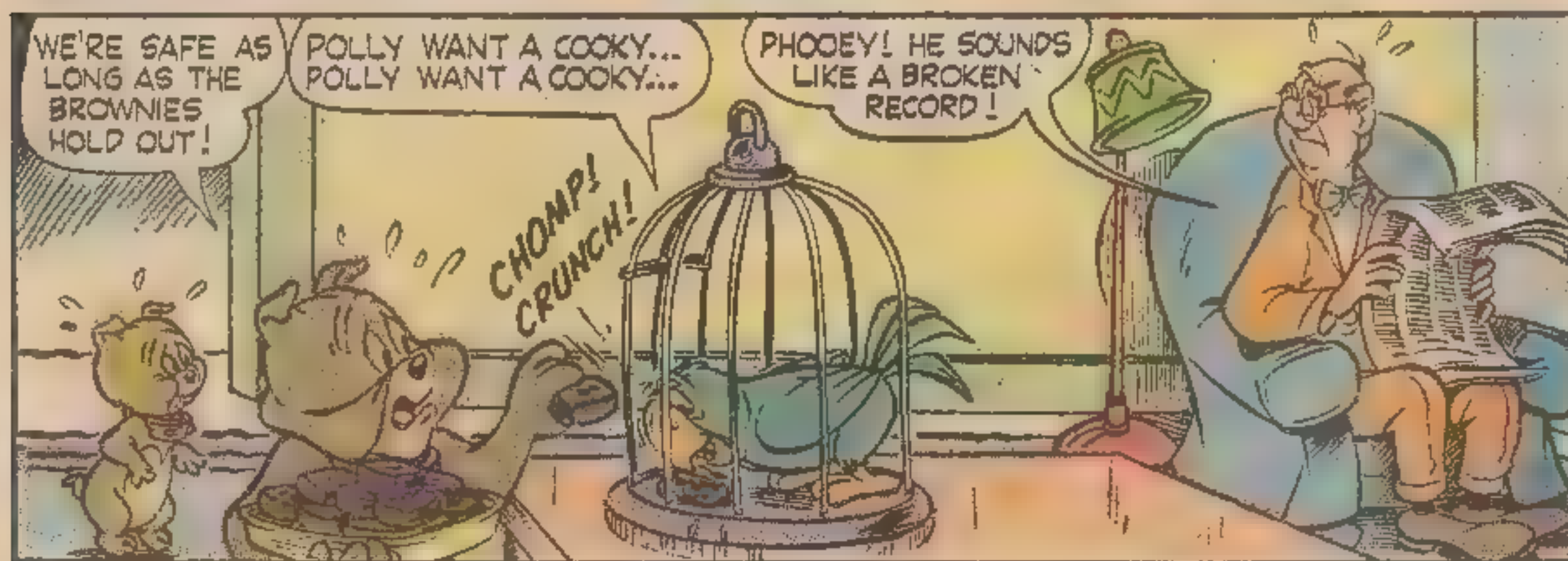
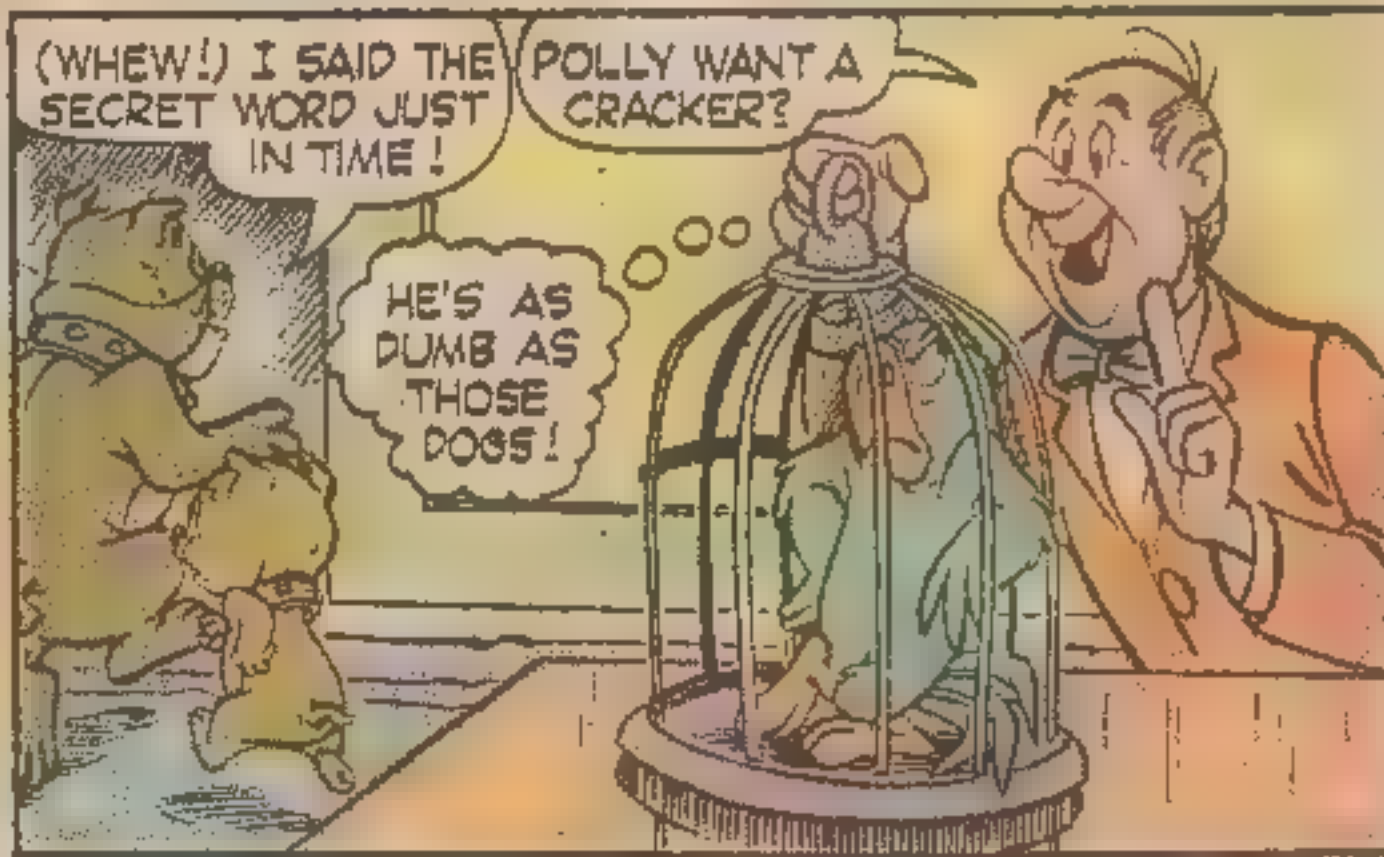
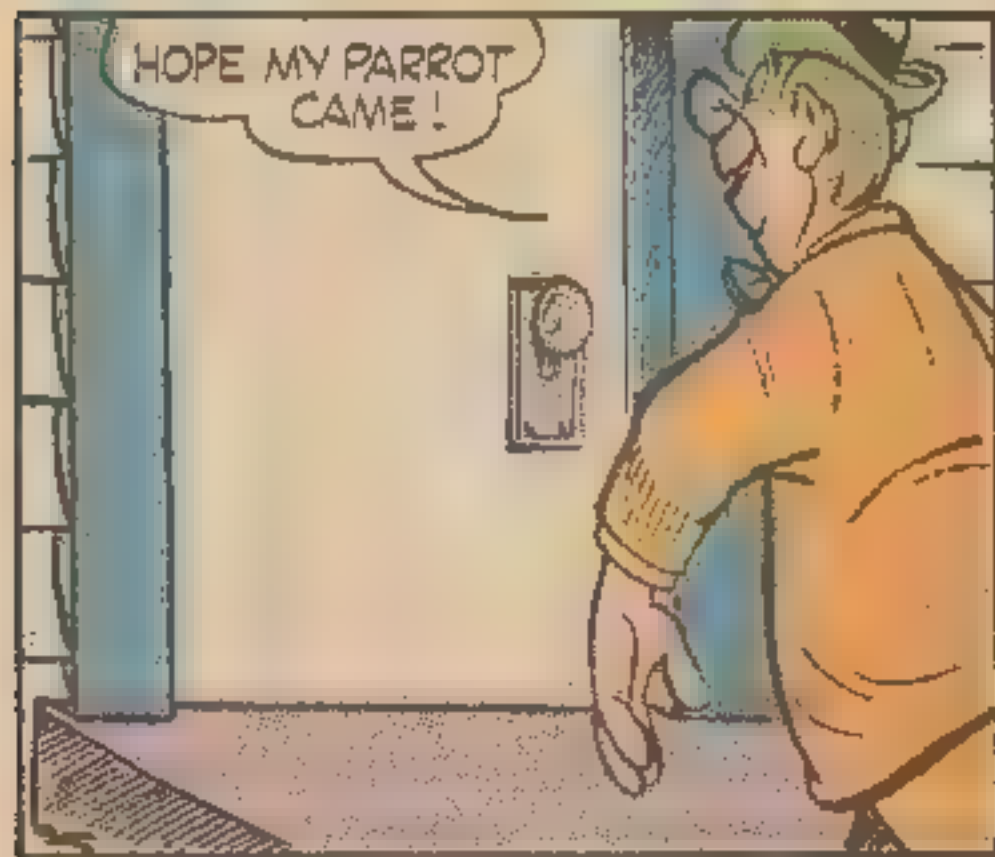
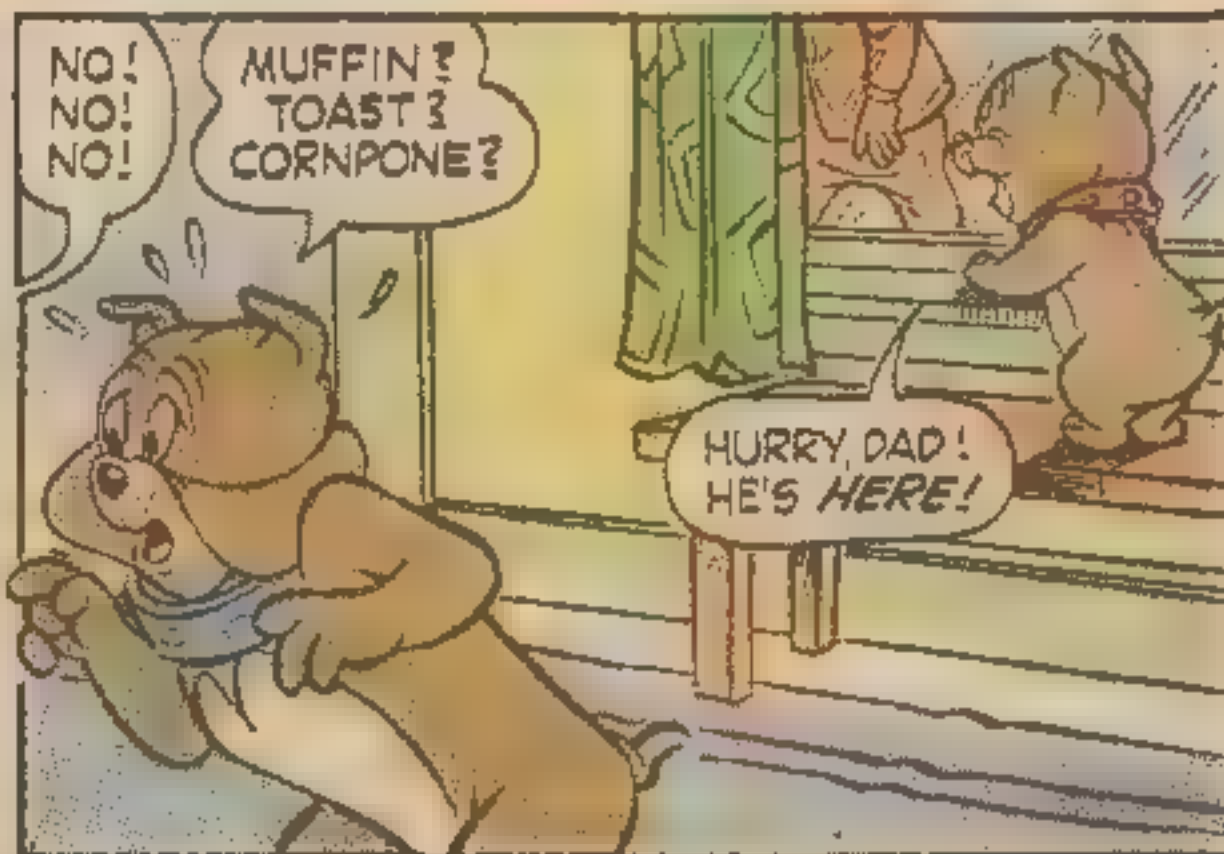
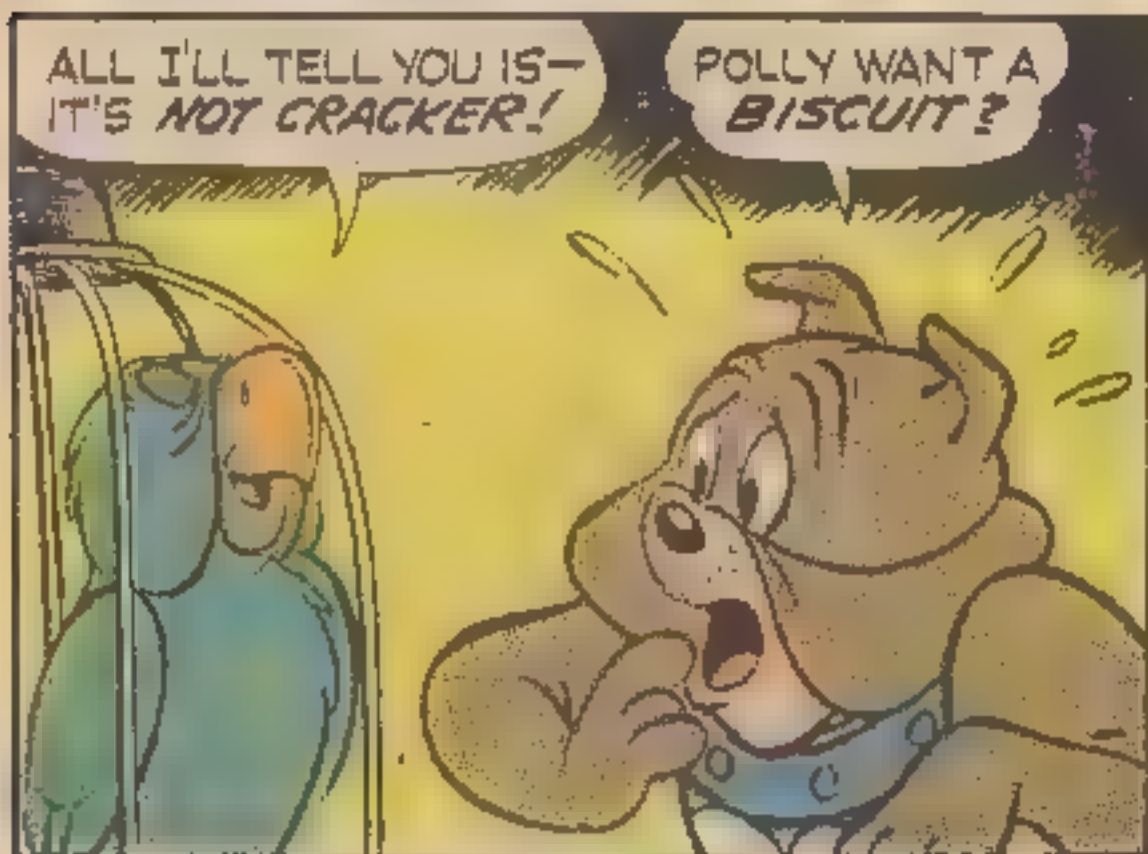
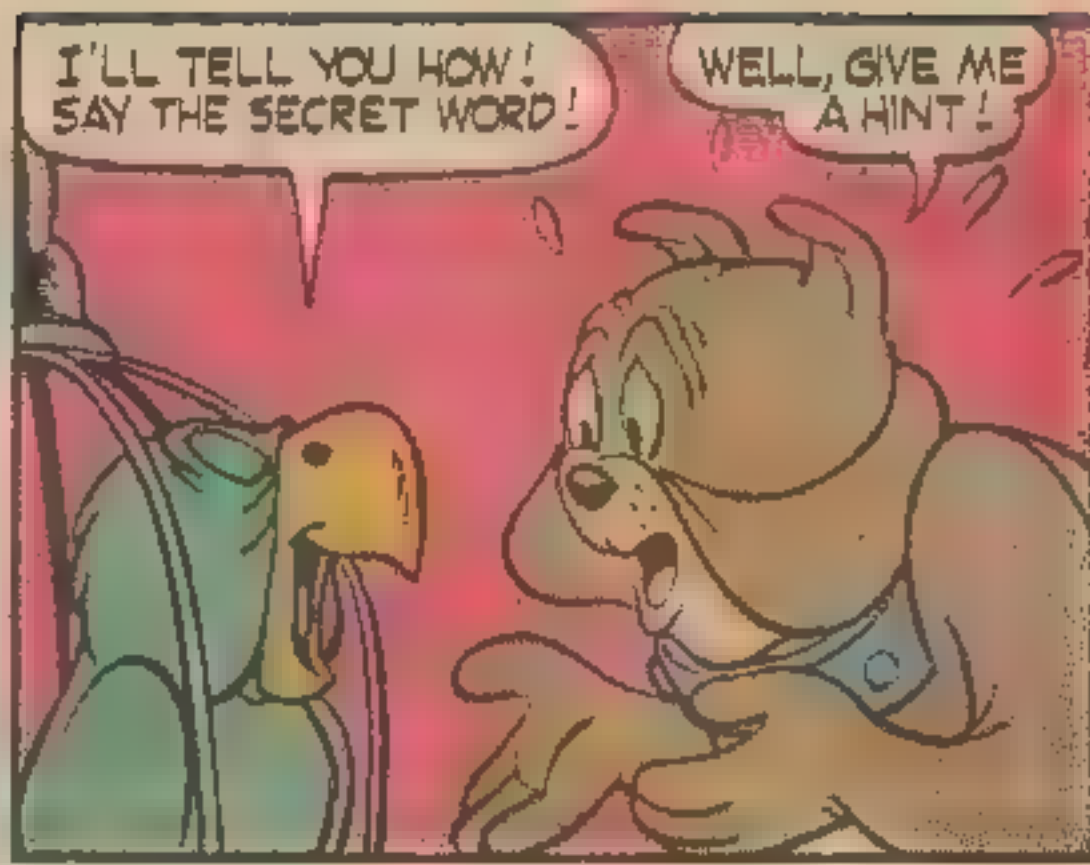
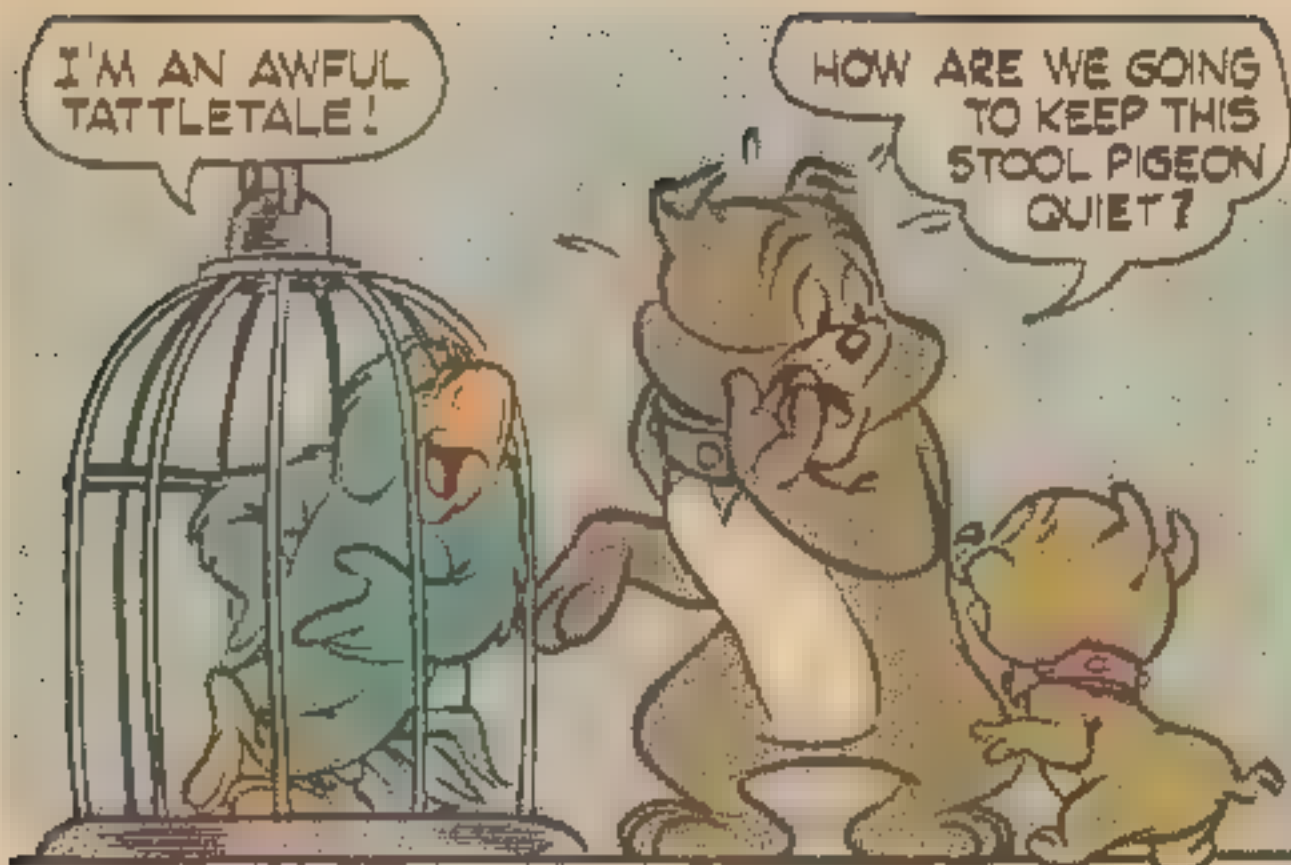


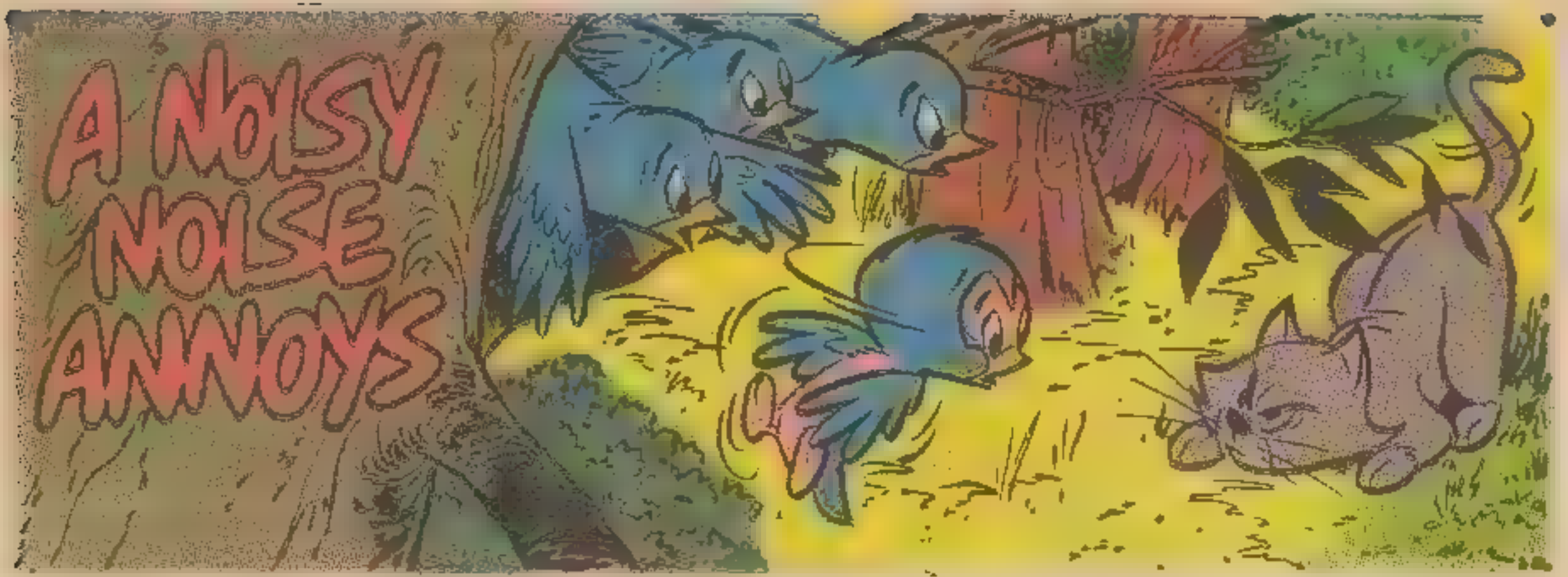
GET OUT,
GABBY!











"Stay close to the nest this afternoon," Mother Bird cautioned Bertie one day. "All of your little cousins are coming to visit us, and it'll be up to you to keep them as quiet as possible so I can have a nice chat with your aunt. Can you do that for me?"

"Okay, Mom," Bertie chirped. "But it isn't going to be easy. Counting Billie and me, that'll be ten little birdies flying around here! I'll really have my hands full."

"Well, do the best you can," Mother peeped as she fluttered about setting her nest in order. "That's all any of us can do."

Bertie hopped into the nest to help, and, by the time his cousins arrived, everything was ready for their visit.

"Hi, Bertie, when do we eat?" Cousin Tommy called noisily as he and the others swooped down to the nest.

The next thing Bertie knew he was surrounded by his many cousins. They chattered and trilled at the top of their lungs and bounced around the nest like tops.

"My heavens!" Bertie winced, covering his ears with his wings. "I'd better get them away from the nest before they drive the grownups deaf with their noise!"

Calling to the other birds, Bertie led them off in a merry game of tag.

"Hey, cut out that racket!" a deep voice called irritably as the little birds circled over a field of corn. "Farmer Doan will hear you and be out here with his shotgun before you can say 'scat!'"

"Oh-oh, gang, it's Blackie the crow!" Bertie warned. "Let's get out of here!"

Before Blackie could catch up with them, Bertie led his cousins beyond the meadow and into an adjoining grove of trees. "I guess we won't bother anyone around here," he

panted, fluttering to rest on a branch which dipped dangerously near the ground.

"Bertie! Look out for the cat!" Cousin Tommy shrieked suddenly.

Bertie glanced hastily about, just in time to see an old gray pussycat crouching to spring at him from the ground below.

"Yikes!" Bertie gulped, beating his way into the air with a flurry of blue wings. "He must have heard us coming. We'd better head back for home, fellas."

Bertie and his cousins arrived back at the nest, chattering excitedly about their experiences.

"Now, Bertie, what did I tell you?" Mother Bird sighed. "You'll just have to take your cousins someplace else to play. We can't even hear ourselves think with all the noise you're making."

"Oh, wee wiggling worms!" Bertie exclaimed peevishly. "We seem to be bothering somebody no matter where we go."

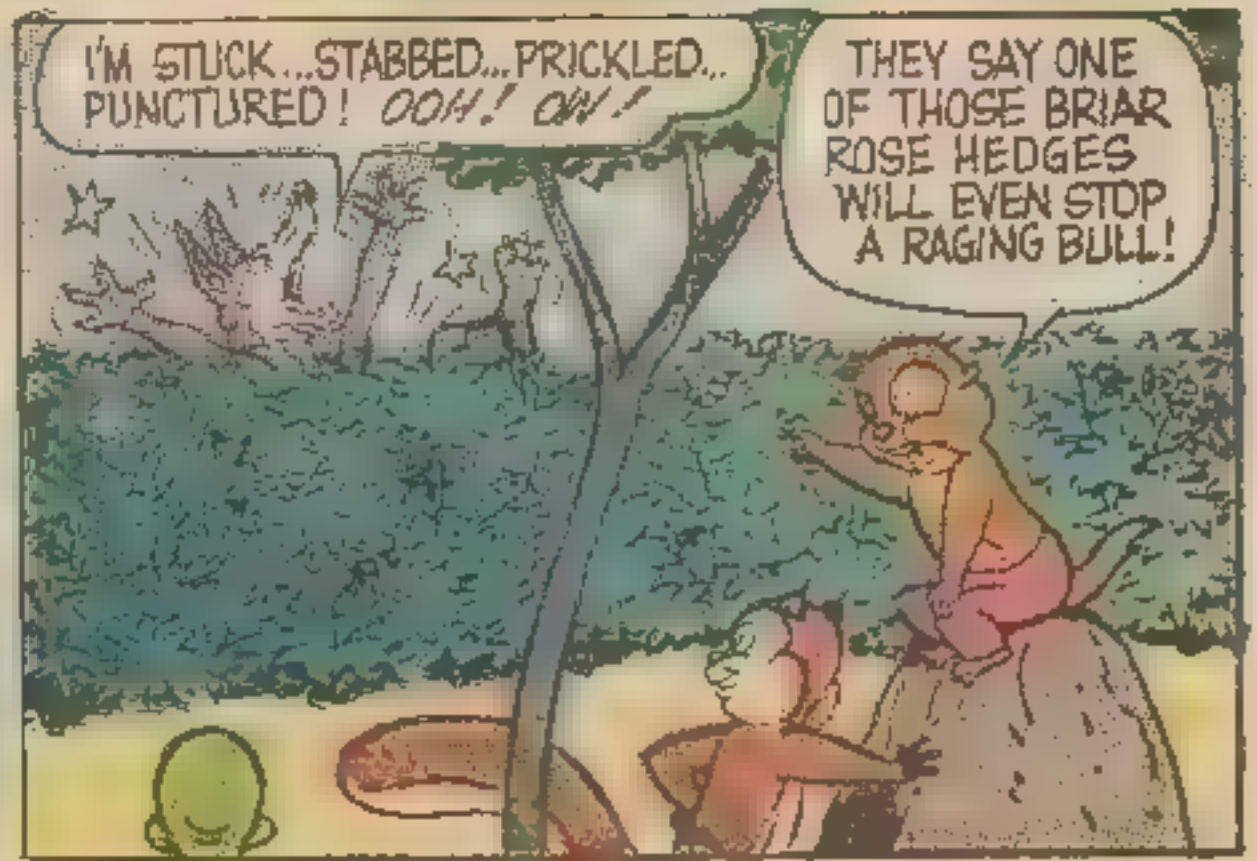
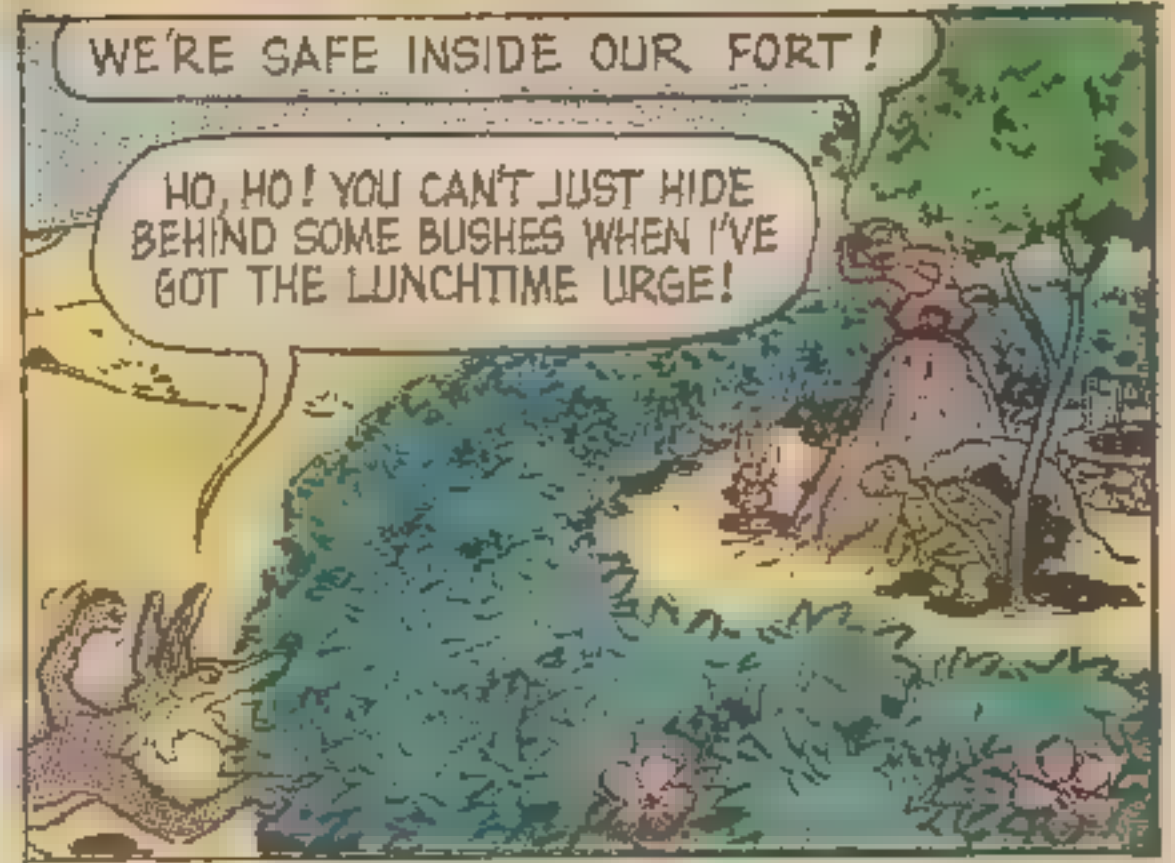
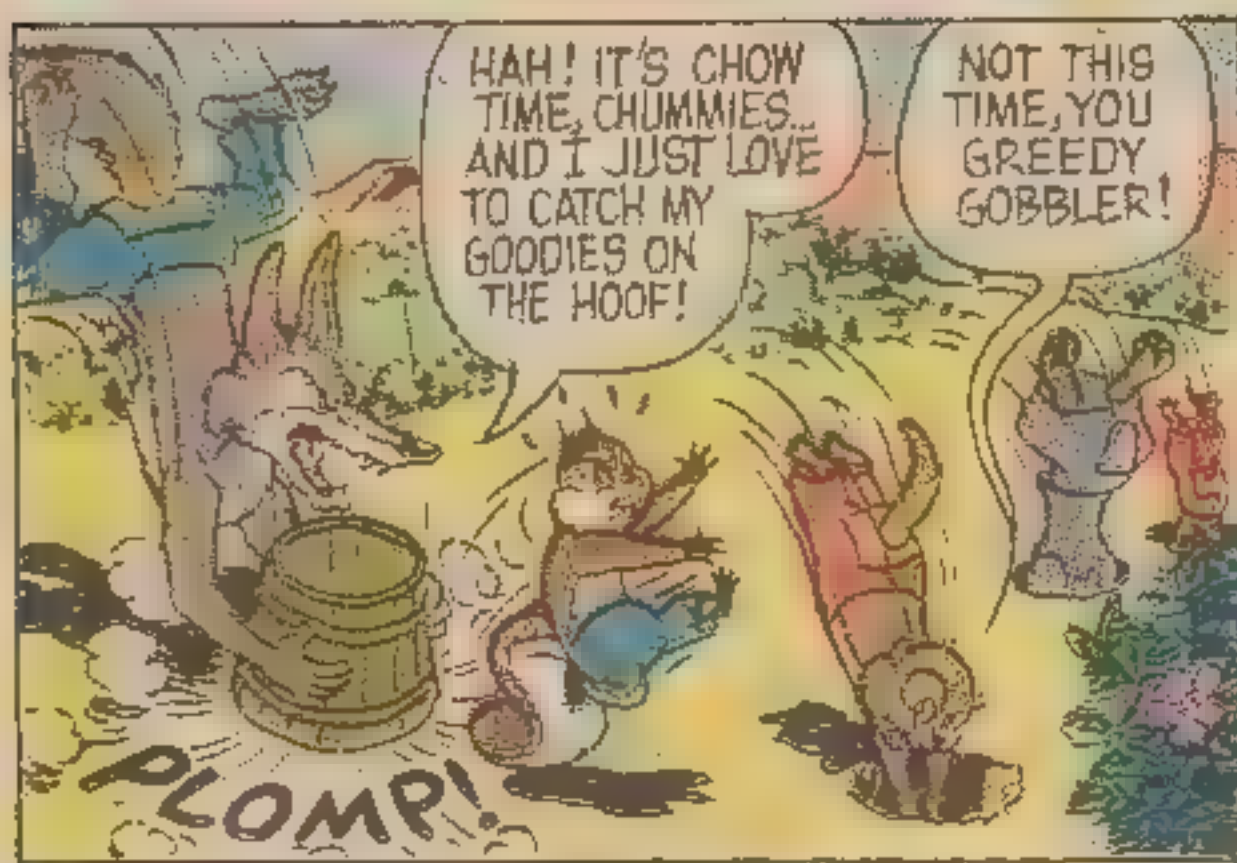
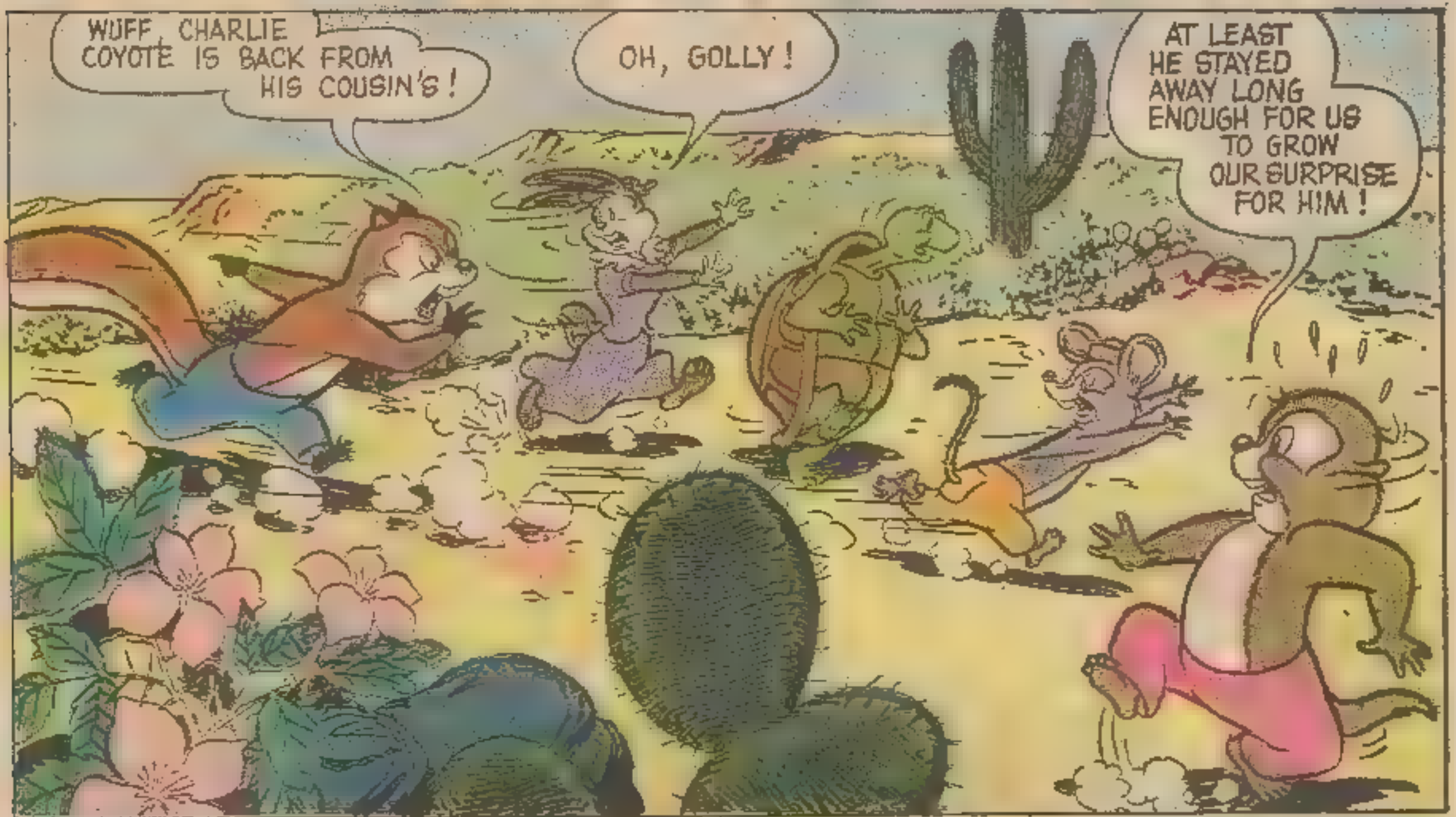
Bertie frowned thoughtfully for a moment, but then his tiny little eyes sparkled as an idea popped into his head. "Hey, gang, follow me," he twittered. "I know where we can go and make all the noise we want to, because nobody'll hear us."

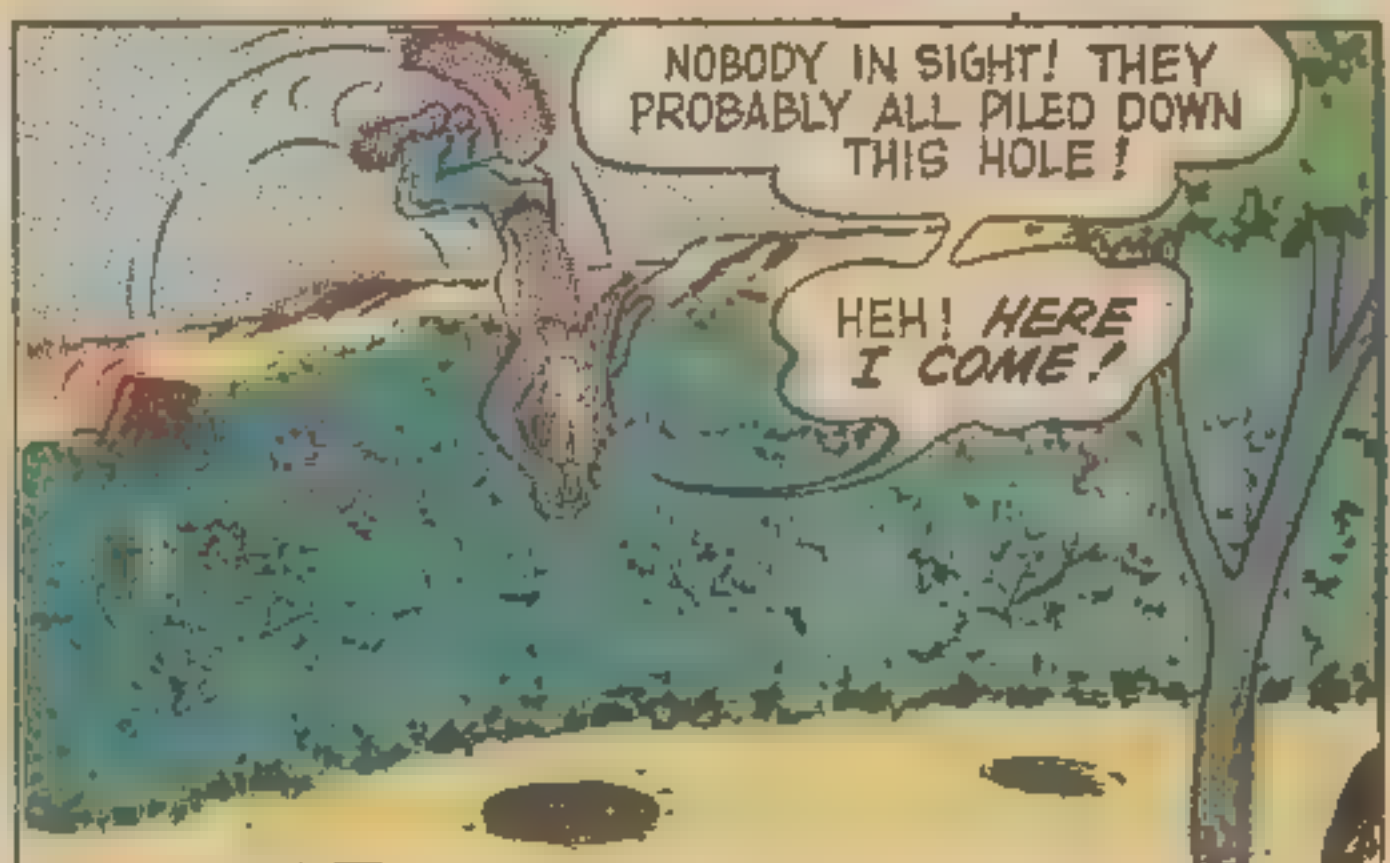
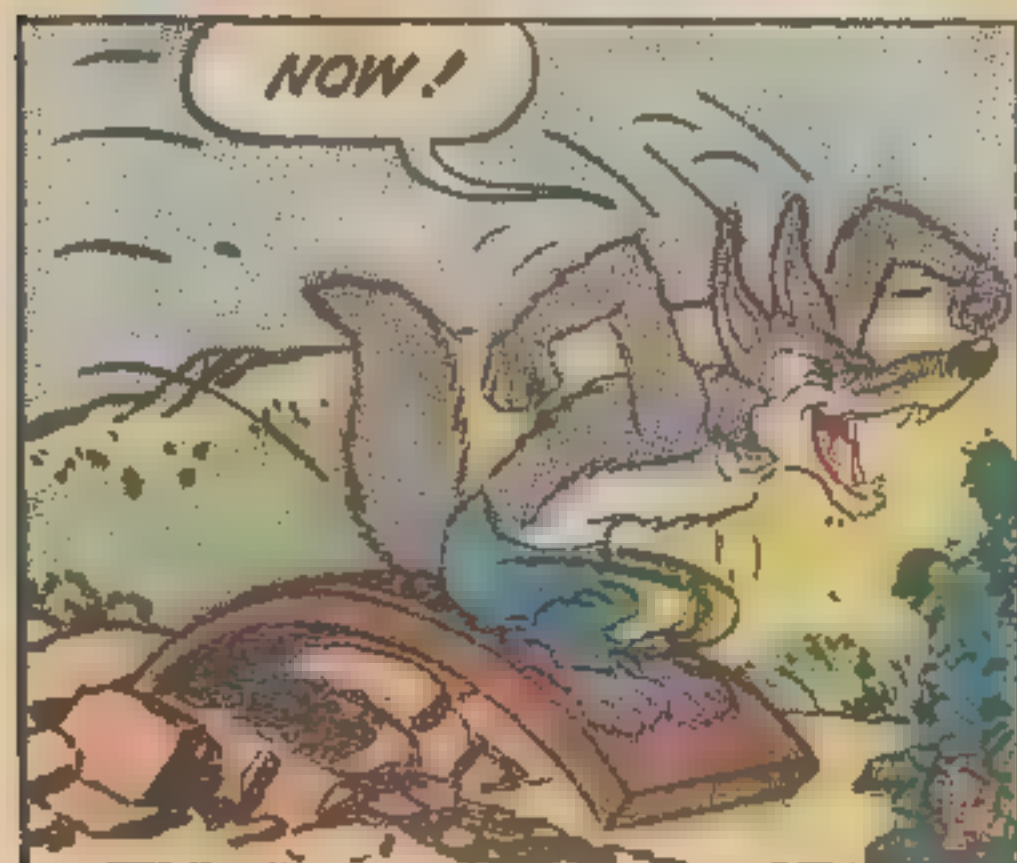
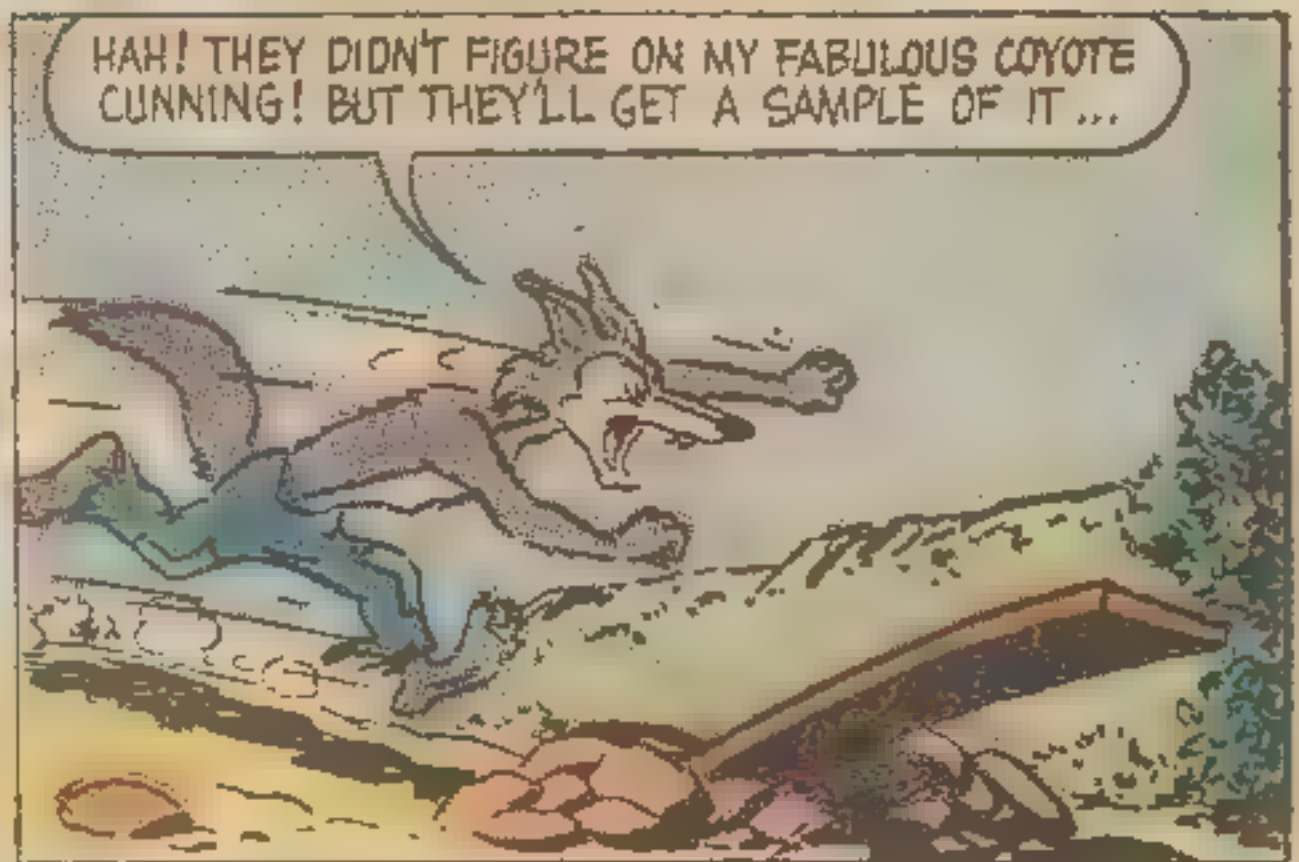
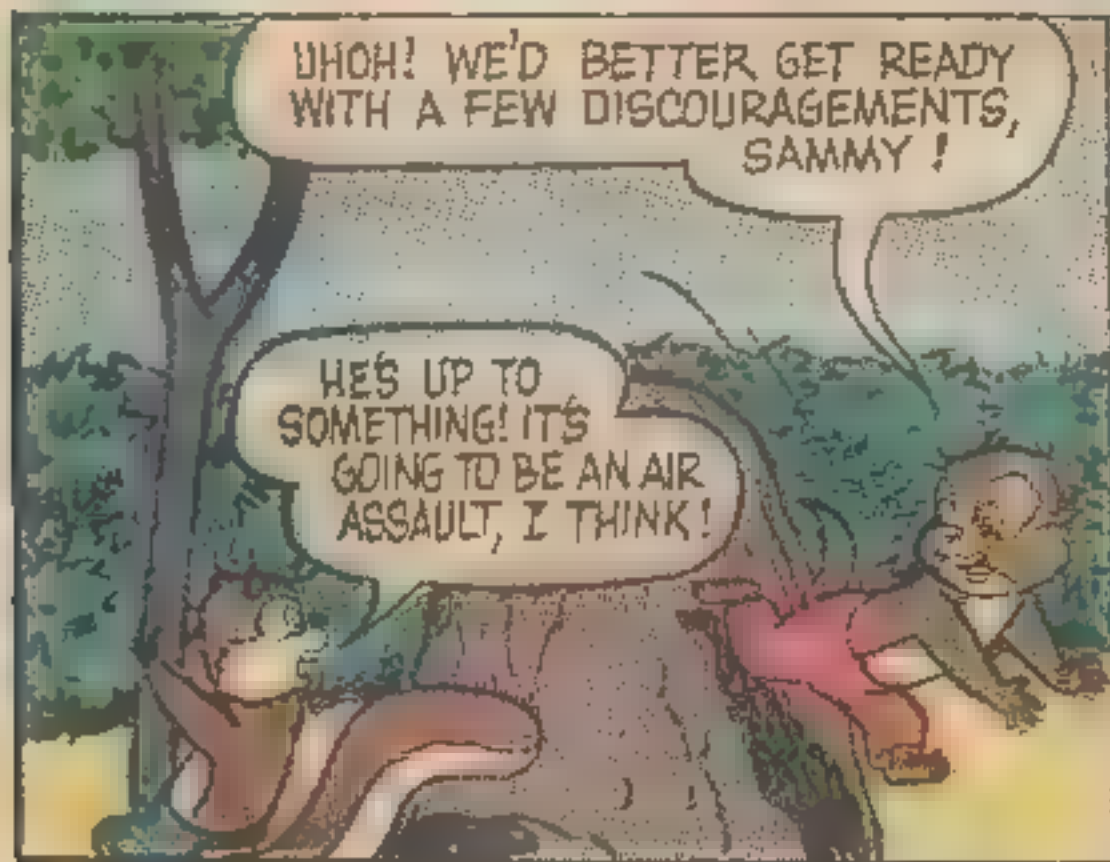
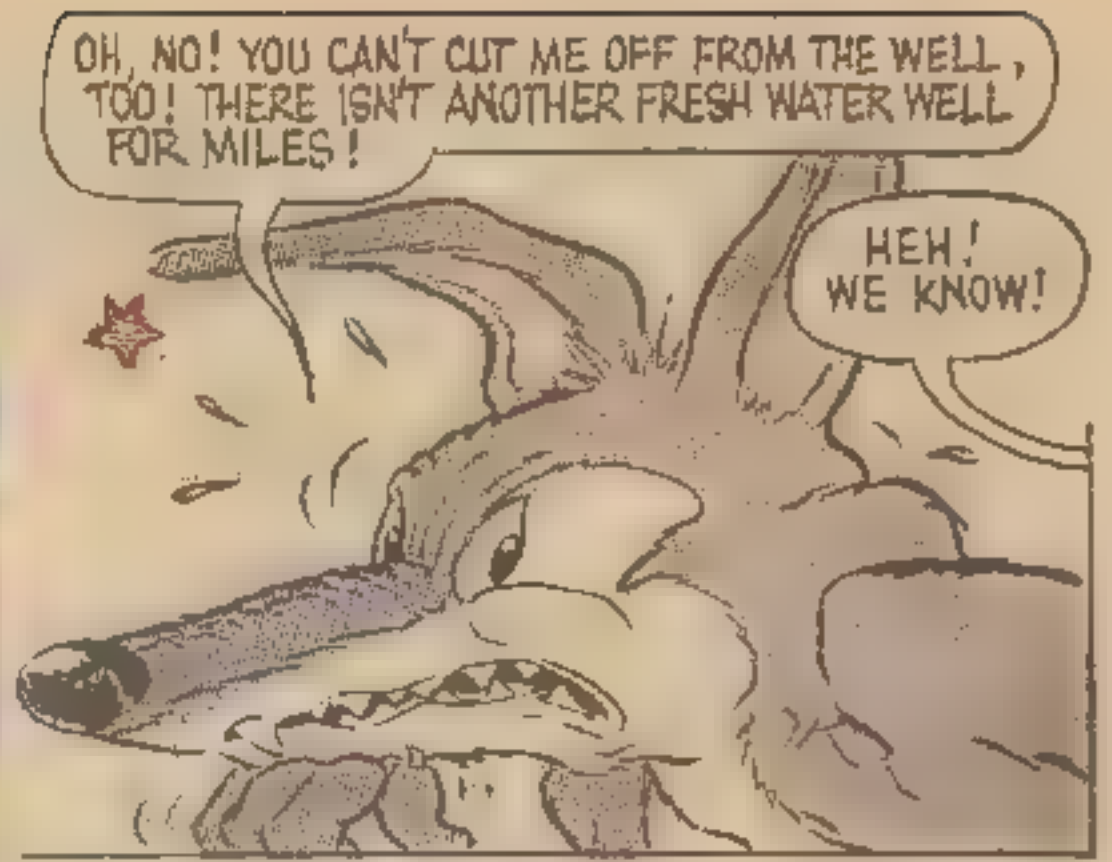
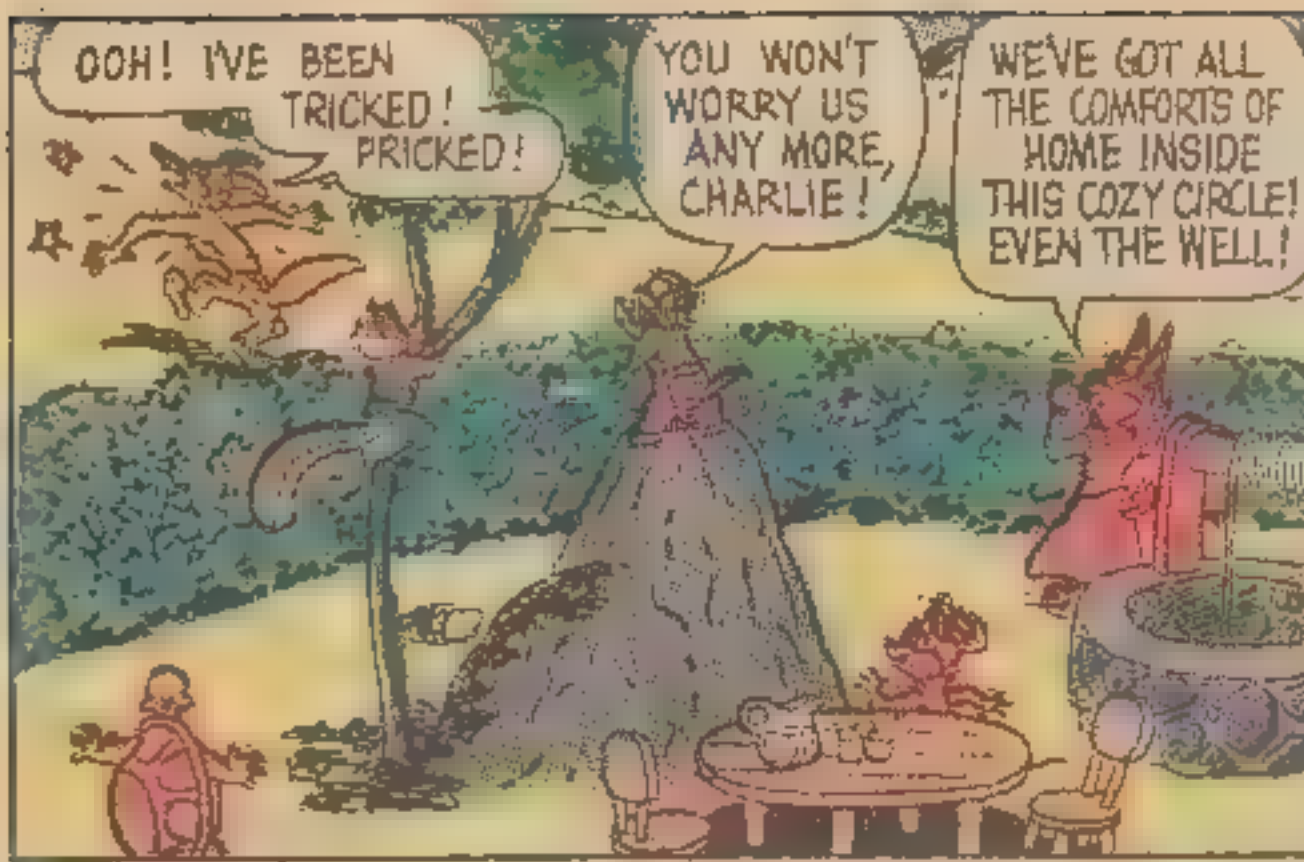
Bertie and his cousins took off in a cloud of fluttering wings, and, a few minutes later, came to rest high in a tree over a street which was under repair. The workmen below were using big air-hammers to break up the concrete, and the noise of their pounding blocked out all other sounds.

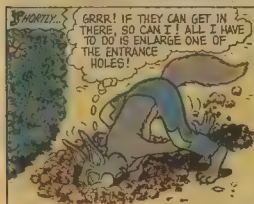
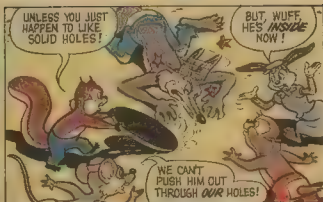
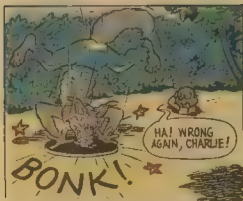
"This is perfect!" Bertie twittered to himself. "It might be a teensy bit hard on our ears to play here, but as long as I can keep my small relatives away from the nest, things'll be relatively quiet there, at least!"

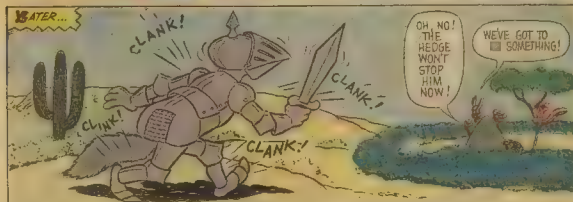
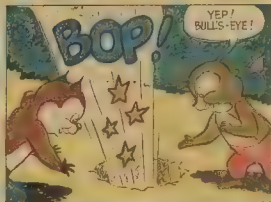
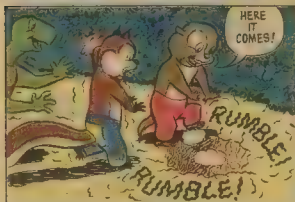
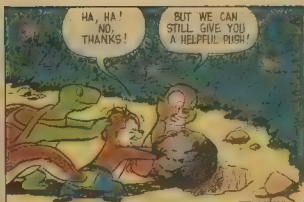
M-G-M'S **WUFF**, the Prairie Dog

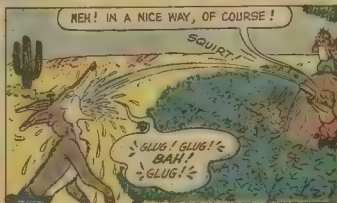
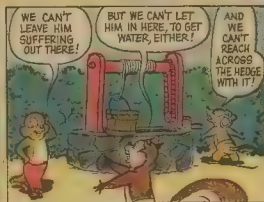
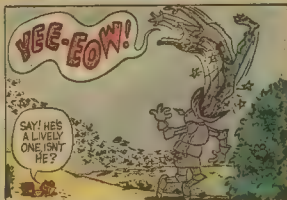
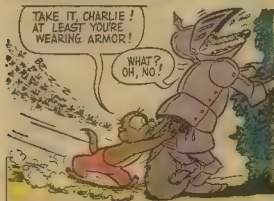
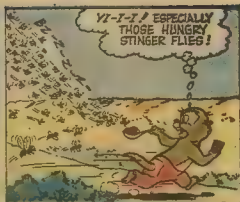
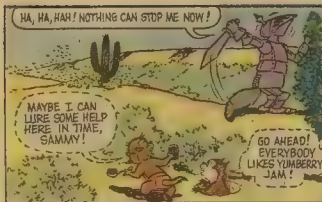
FORT BRAMBLEBUSH





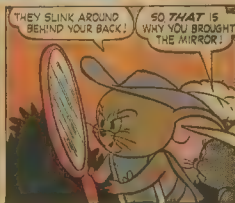
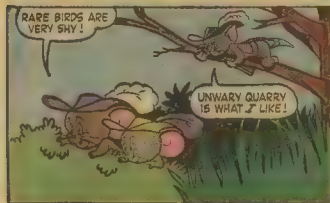
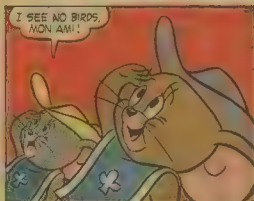
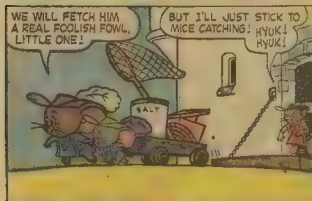


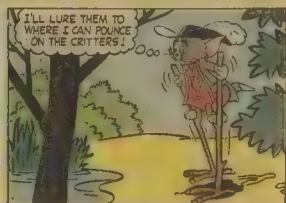
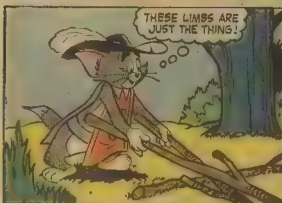
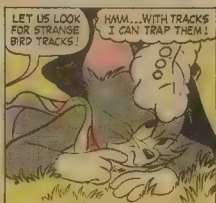
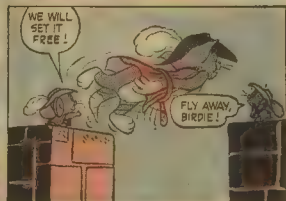
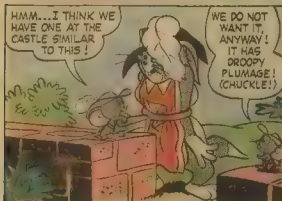
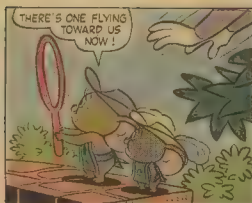




M-G-M's MOUSE MUSKETEERS

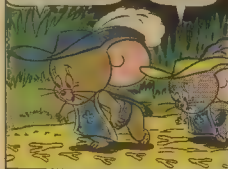
UNWARY QUARRY





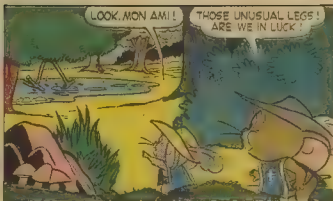
THERE ARE QUAIL, ROBIN,
AND WREN TRACKS!

THEY ARE TOO
COMMON!



LOOK, MON AMI!

THOSE UNUSUAL LEGS!
ARE WE IN LUCK!



WHEN THEY
GRAB THESE
STICKS, I'LL
GRAB THEM!



IT'S A
BOWLEGGED
STORK!



WE MUST USE STRATEGY
TO CAPTURE IT!

READY, MY
FRIEND?

ALL SET!

ME, TOO!



WHACK!



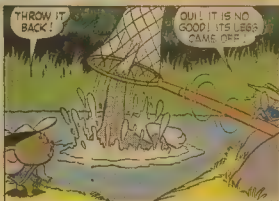
CAUGHT IT.

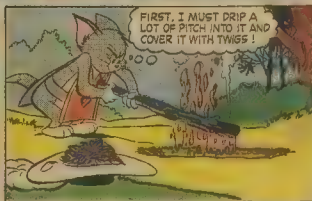
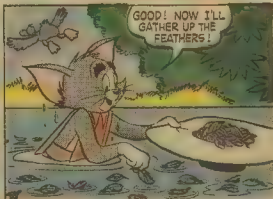
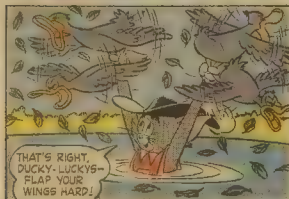
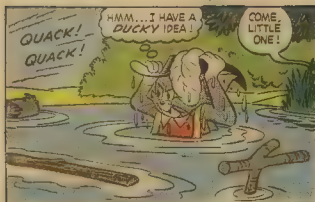
TCH, TCH! WE
GOOFED
AGAIN!

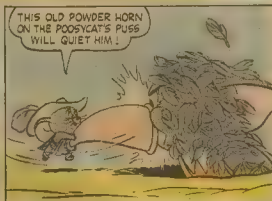
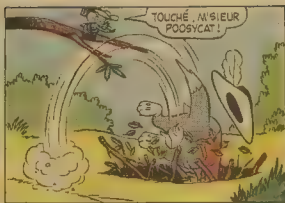


THROW IT
BACK!

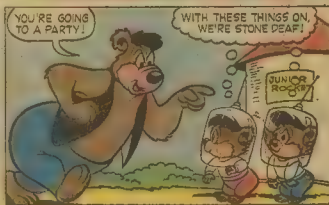
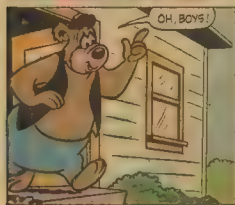
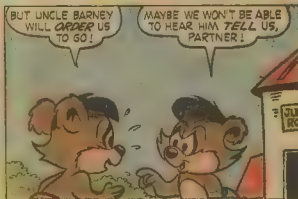
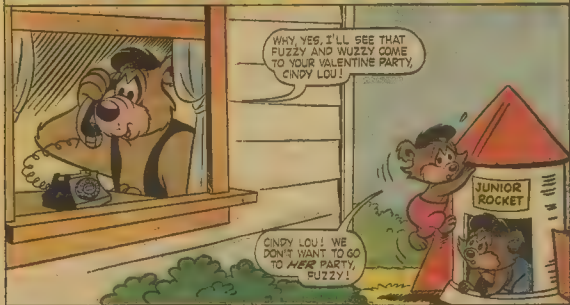
OUI! IT IS NO
GOOD! ITS LEGS
CAME OFF!

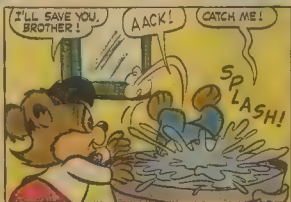
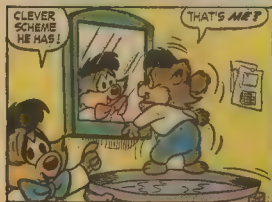
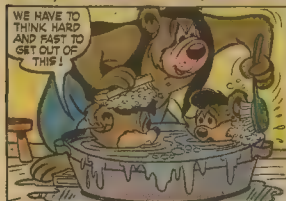
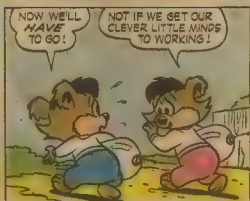
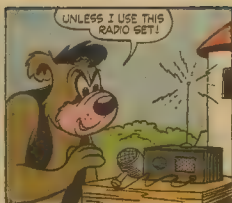
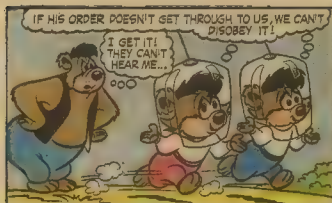


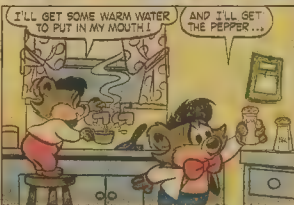
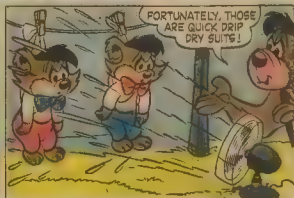
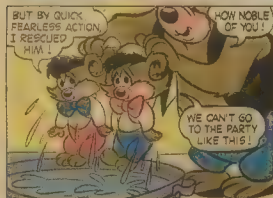
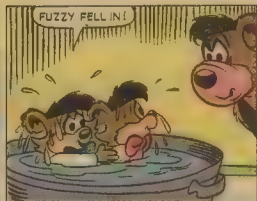
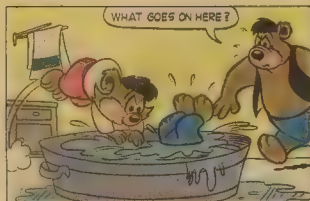


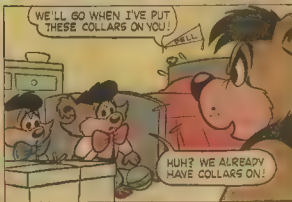
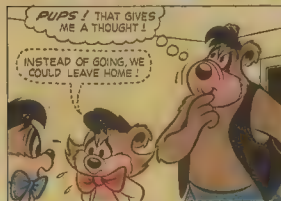
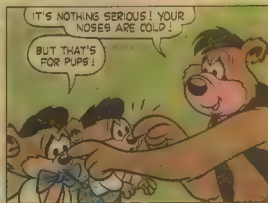
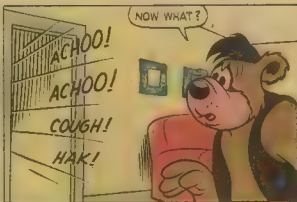
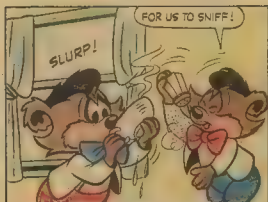


M-G-M's **BARNEY BEAR** with **FUZZY** and **WUZZY**
KISSPROOF KIDS





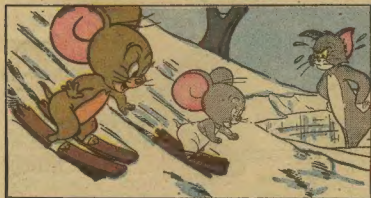
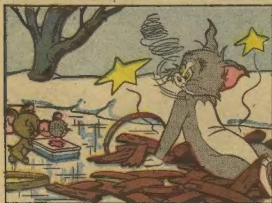
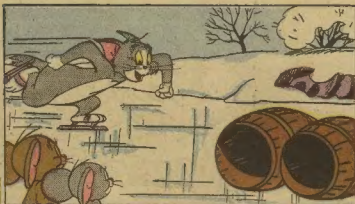






M-G-M's Tom and Jerry

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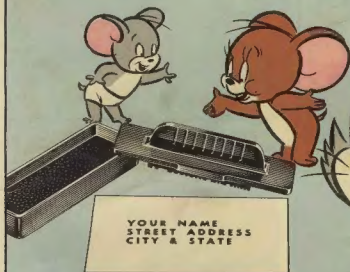
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